Court

THE COURT ORACLE:

A NEW MISCELLANY.

1508/102

In which are contained, amongst many other curious Things, the following, *viz.*

I. The Secret History of that most celebrated Prude SKIRRHA; wherein the various Stratagems used by Sir *Sidrophel* with her Father, and their Intrigues to this Time, are amply set forth. *Cum multis aliis.*

II. The Sequel of TIT for TAT. In a Dialogue between a Country Blackbird and a C—— Goldfinch.

III. The Wife's Revenge; or the impertinent Cuckold; who on Account of his ill Usage became a Prostitute: With their Proceedings at Law, and Seperation by mutual Consent.

IV. The Secret History of MONTIZEUTA: Containing an Account of her Amours; particularly with *Crackezuma*, a grand Scribe: The Discovery of her indecent Behaviour with him; her comical Adventure with a Gentleman at a Country Village, who enjoy'd her by a Stratagem, when she thought to pass undiscover'd; her extravagant Gestures at the Sight of the Corpse of her Paramour, the Scribe, who died of a loathsome Distemper; and her dressing herself in a Widow's Apparel on Account of his Death.

V. An Officer and no Soldier. A Poem. Inscribed to the D——s of *B——n* and *A——le*.

VI. VERSES most humbly inscribed to the Right Hon. the Earl of *Scarborough*, on his resigning his Post of Master of the Horse to his Majesty.

VII. The History of a Knight and no Gentleman. Inscrib'd to Sir *R——— F———*.

VIII. A Dialogue between two Jews, concerning the Bill depending in Parliament for preventing Stockjobbing.

To which is added,

The Fair *Jewess* Triumphant:

OR

JACOB's FOLLY in Attempting to Wrestle with an ANGEL.

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THE SECRET HISTORY OF *SKIRISSA.*

SIR *Sydrophel*, commonly known by the Title of *the Knight of Fame* (but whether of good or bad Fame, Hiſtory makes no mention) raiſed himſelf, by a wonderful Aſſurance, from a groveling Condition, to a very high Station; having the Diſpoſal of much Money, tho' not his own, he took care to make it ſubſervient to his Purpoſes, and thereby ſecured to himſelf a *Majority* of Friends, being apprehenſive that he might one Day or other be called to an Account. He had a Wife, and when his Children had arrived to Men's Eſtates, he placed them in profitable Employments; he alſo made handſome Proviſion for his Relations, Countrymen, and thoſe who had been Dependants on him: he made a clumſy Figure in his Apparel, which ill ſuited a Gentleman, who enjoy'd ſuch great Places, and his Equipage was mean and ſordid.

Luſt, and the Love of Money were his darling Vices, and yet he would ſacrifice the latter to gratify the former. As he pamper'd his Body, ſo it inflamed his Blood, and prompted him to a libidinous Deſire, and as moſt Ladies have their Paramours, ſo he very faſhionably had his Miſtreſſes; but being very capricious, he diſcarded 'em as ſoon as he could procure new ones; however he provided for ſuch Children as he had by them.

He happened one day to caſt his Eyes upon *Skiriſſa*, who had a good Mein and Preſence, a comely Countenance, a lively Spirit, and ſomething more than a common Share of good Senſe; *Cupid* had wounded his Heart, and he propoſed to himſelf to be happy in the Fruition of her Charms, if ſhe was to be purchaſed at any rate. He was at this Time turn'd of Fifty, yet the Vehemence of his Paſſion was not abated, nor the Edge of his Concupiſcence blunted; he ſent one of his Footmen to follow her, and find out whoſe Daughter ſhe was, and whether a married or ſingle Woman. The Fellow brought Word that ſhe was a Maiden Gentlewoman, whoſe Father's Circumſtances were in a declining Condition, but nevertheleſs he ſtill preſerved his Character, and maintain'd his Reputation. This was as agreeable News to the *Knight of Fame* as he could wiſh, and he reſolved to make the Father's Misfortunes the Ladder whereby he might mount to the Embraces of the Daughter. Having by his Emiſſaries received the Particulars of the unhappy State the Gentleman was in (who, tho' he was reputed to underſtand the Art of gaming as well as moſt Men, yet was reduced to a very low Ebb) the *Knight* laid hold of this Opportunity, accounting it the moſt political Step he could take to *worm* himſelf into the good Graces of the young Gentlewoman, and inſtead of playing the honourable Part, by aſſiſting the Perſon in Diſtreſs, he ungenerouſly

ungenerously prey'd upon his Poverty, which he made a Stalking-horse to his vicious Desire. It is uncertain whether he was Master of such Dissimulation as is now in Fashion, and could artfully bring himself off in case of a Refusal, or whether he imagined that his high Station, and the Power with which he was admitted, might command any thing; be it which it will, he sends to the Gentleman, whom he desired to favour him with his Company next Day, and dine with him at his Country-Seat, which was situated at a small Distance from the Town.

As the Gentleman had only a personal Knowledge of the *Knight*, he was surprized at the Invitation, but as in good Manners he could not refuse it, he return'd for Answer, that he would do himself the Honour of being punctual in obeying Sir *Sydropbel*'s Commands. He came according to his Promise, and was conducted into the Parlour, and received by the *Knight* with particular Marks of Esteem. They conversed about indifferent Matters till Dinner was brought to the Table, which being ended, and they left to themselves, Sir *Sydropbel* address'd the Gentleman in this manner.

Sir, I have an Affair of Importance to communicate to you, and must injoin you to Secrecy, whether you approve or disapprove what I shall offer to you: But to come close to the Point; give me leave to tell you, that I have beheld your eldest Daughter with Admiration, and so vehement, and ardent is my Desire of being made happy in her Arms, that my Heart has felt an unusual Agitation from the Moment I first saw her. But, alas! I greatly fear I shall not be able to gain her Consent, till I have obtain'd yours; and if I can purchase these Favours, I will pay you a thousand Pounds a Year, by Quarterly Payments, and as a Testimony of my Veracity, I now present you

with a Bill for five hundred, which I ſhall not place to that Account.

The Gentleman ſeem'd to be thunder-ſtruck at what he had heard, but recollecting his Senſes, and panting a few Moments, he accepted the Offer, and promiſed to be a Mediator between the *Knight* and *Skiriſſa*, and to lay a paternal Injunction upon her to comply with his Requeſt. He then gave him an Invitation to his Houſe, which was accepted. The *Knight* went thither the next Day, and was entertained by the Gentleman and *Skiriſſa*, but the Deſign of his coming was concealed from her. The Father gave Sir *Sydrophel* an Opportunity of converſing with his Daughter in private, that he might diſcloſe his Mind to her; and the reſt of the Family were ſent out of the way, to prevent an Interruption. The *Knight* drew near to her, took her by the Hand, ſmiled in her Face, and telling her that ſhe was the moſt amiable Creature he ever beheld, added, that he could not live unleſs ſhe would receive his Heart, which was dedicated to her, and give her own as a Pledge for the kind Treatment of his. *Skiriſſa* was amazed at ſuch an unexpected and audacious Declaration, and told him, that as he was a married Man, he had a large Stock of unparallel'd Aſſurance to expect any ſuch Thing from her, when the Terms, on which it ought to be negociated, were diſhonourable and wicked. She added farther, that as ſhe had hitherto preſerved her Virtue and Reputation, ſhe would not ſacrifice either to the wealthieſt Man upon Earth, nor would ſhe be a Miſtreſs to the greateſt Monarch in the World. She ſpoke theſe Words with ſuch an Air of Diſdain, that it flung him into ſo much Confuſion, he was not able to make a Reply; and *Skiriſſa* taking the Advantage of the Condition he was in, flew out of the Room like an enraged Fury, and left him to ruminate on what ſhe had

ſaid. The Father meeting his Daughter bedew'd with Tears, quickly gueſs'd the Cauſe of it; and going into the Parlour, he had ſcarce ſat down, when he had a Confirmation of it from Sir *Sydrophel*, who ſaid it was what he expected, when he ſhould firſt open the Matter to her; but, however, he did not deſpair of obtaining her Conſent, if he could have frequent Opportunities of converſing with her. The Father promiſed, that if he would let him know the Days when he deſign'd to be at his Houſe, he would take care that his Daughter ſhould be at home.

The *Knight* came ſeveral times to viſit *Skiriſſa*, but without Succeſs; for ſhe either lock'd herſelf into her Chamber when ſhe ſaw him, or knew that he was below; or elſe ſhe went privately abroad. So many Diſappointments fretted the *Knight*, looking on it as an Affront to a Perſon of his Rank and Station; and not able to bear it any longer, told the Father, with an Air of Authority, that he inſiſted on his uſing his paternal Power to oblige his Daughter to a Compliance. The Gentleman was unwilling to incur Sir *Sydrophel*'s Diſpleaſure, and the Expectation of a thouſand Pounds a Year induced him to lay aſide all Senſe of Religion and Morality, and become (contrary to the Laws of Nature) a Pandar to his own Daughter.

As he reprimanded her one Evening for not yielding to the *Knight*'s Deſire, ſhe told him, that if ſhe muſt be a Victim to Luſt, ſhe had much rather ſacrifice her Virtue to a Batchelor who had Youth on his ſide, than to a married Man, who, having lived above half a Century, ought to think of ſomething elſe than indulging a vicious Inclination; and tho' both of them were ſinful, yet the latter was a complicated Crime. However, upon her Father's Importunities, and laying before her the Advantages muſt accrue to the Family, excluſive

ſive of a thouſand Pounds a Year, ſhe yielded to his preſſing Inſtances.

This joyful News was carried to the *Knight*, who received it with inexpreſſible Tranſport, and promiſed to ſup with the Gentleman that Night. Every thing was prepared for his Reception, he was punctual to the Hour, and after Supper he went to *Skiriſſa*, where he found her like a Lamb ready for the Slaughter. He lay with her till between one and two a-clock in the Morning, then taking his Leave of her, he made her a Preſent of a Gold Watch, Diamond Necklace, and Pendents.

They led this Courſe of Life, which was no Secret to the Family, for ſeveral Years, when the Father falling ſick, died after a lingering Illneſs, which damp'd all their Spirits, and made them reckon themſelves to be as miſerable Creatures as any in the World. *Skiriſſa* ſent a Letter to the *Knight*, and acquainted him with her Loſs; he came there in the Evening, comforted her in the beſt Manner, and giving her Money to buy Mourning for herſelf and her Siſters, and to defray the Expences of the Funeral, promiſed to continue the ſame Allowance to her, that her Father had. They ſtill keep Company together, ſhe goes to Church daily, and as ſhe imagines that ſhe diſcharges her Debts to Heaven in the Day time, believes ſhe may have freſh Credit at Night. In a word, ſhe who was as chaſte as *Diana*, is now as vicious as *Venus*; ſhe who abominated, and could not endure the Sight of Sir *Sydrophel*, now loves and doats upon him: and it may be ſaid with Truth and Juſtice, that there is not ſo great a *Prude* in the Hundred of *Oxenden*.

A SEQUEL to *TIT for TAT.* In a DIALOGUE between a *Black-bird* and a *Gold-finch.*

Bl. HAIL! pretty *Finch* design'd for ——,
The Maidens' Pass-time and their Sport;
With *Naples-Bisket* sure they feed you,
And under Flannel Coats do breed you,
Stroak thee all over thrice a Week,
Or else how couldst thou be so sleek?
But how unhappy is thy Fate!
A Cock, and yet effeminate.

Go. Thou noisy Bird, of dimsal Hue,
Thy Scoffs and Raillery pursue;
Thy Bill declares thee to be jealous,
Fit Company for drunken Fellows.
If you were call'd up to the Court,
With Joy you thither would resort;
Like other *Black-birds* change your Note,
Your Body pamper, strain your Throat,
There learn to "*lounge*, feast, play and chatter,
"To satirize, and sometimes flatter;
The Ways of ——s are no Surprize,
"Their Growth, few Truths, and many Lies.

Bl. *'Tis an ill Bird that fouls its Nest,*
And thou hast made thy self a Jest;
The Character you give of ——s,
Is surely true in many sorts;
But who wou'd think in very deed,
Truth from a C——r cou'd proceed?
But if infectious is ——t Air,
Depend upon't I'll not come there.

Go.

Go. Call to Remembrance, if you're able,
The *Fox*'s Anſwer in the Fable;
The mellow Grapes were out of reach,
And *Reynard* then began to preach;
Said they were ſour, unwholſom Fruit,
Of griping Quality to boot.
Such is your Caſe; and what's your Fate
I am unwilling to relate.

Bl. Ne'er mince the Matter, but declare it,
Vent all your Spleen, and do not ſpare it.

Go. To gratify your Inclination,
I ſhall be brief in my Narration.
In *Ale-houſe*, or in *Barber's Shop*,
Incaged, from Perch to Perch you hop;
Or if your Liberty be ſpared,
As you 'mongſt Woods, or Shrubs were rear'd,
So you are deſtin'd to awake
The Plowman, when the Mornings break;
But in the Winter you'll be ſhot,
And thus at laſt you *go to Pot*.

Bl. If cloſe Confinement be my Lot,
Yet let it never be forgot,
That whereſoever is my Place,
My Maſter deems me no Diſgrace;
The tedious Hours I drive away,
And pleaſe him with my Song each Day.
Or if it be my Lot to range,
I'm ſtill the ſame, and do not change;
But give to drowſy Plowmen Warning,
That they may riſe by times each Morning;
For too much Sleep corrupts the Blood,
And thus you ſee I do ſome good:
But if they ſhoot me for my Pains,
Like *you*, they ſhew their Want of *Brains*.
They work at Plow, and reap the Corn,
Or mow the Hay, while you each Morn,
With Dreams perplex'd, do lie in Bed,
Scarce able to lift up your Head:

At laſt, ſo low you are brought down,
By the Diſtemper of the Town,
The P——, Stone, Rheumatiſm, or Gout,
Your *ſtinking Snuff* of Life goes out.
Go. " With little Judgment, Store of Pride,
" You take upon you to decide;
" Your *Wit* ſo aukwardly is ſhown,
" 'Tis leſs Misfortune to have none;
" Adapted to no manly Uſe,
" On *Triſles* ſquander'd, or Abuſe.
Thus *P——e*, who enters oft the Liſt,
And is a bare-fac'd *Plagiariſt*,
Pretends to vaunt with borrow'd Wit,
Yet ſtands the Jeſt of every *Cit*;
The Living and the Dead beſpatters,
Some Lords excepted, whom he flatters,
And moſt ungratefully abuſes
The beſt of Patrons to the *Muſes*:
" At *Crambo* plays with Pen and Ink,
And writes, tho' could never think,
Vents *Defamation* by Wholeſale,
And calls it *Satire* by Retale;
Becauſe in Rhime the *Witling* wrote,
" What *Dacier* conſtrued, *Homer* thought,
He vainly fancies he may claim,
" An Author's, or a Poet's Name.
This *Jingler* thus, to ſpeak in my Senſe,
With Pride perverts poetic Licence.
Bl. *P——e* is an awkard, wretched Elf,
So let him anſwer for himſelf:
If I have any Share of *Wit*,
I own that I have ſquander'd it;
Not in Abuſe, but on a *Trifle*,
His *Common-place Book* he did rifle,
A *Gugaw*, a mere *Raree-Show*,
A Shallow, teizing *Thing*, a *Beau*;
His Invention rack'd of late,
My rural Notes to imitate.

With

With hobling Verſe, and ill-tag'd Rhime,
He ſtrove to reach the great Sublime;
But ah! his Organs were too weak,
So grand a Taſk to undertake;
And yet this pretty, ſhining Thing,
Harmleſs as Bees without a Sting,
Who flaunts about in *Silk* and *Satin*,
Does underſtand nor GREEK, nor LATIN:
Strives to be deem'd illiterate,
And *Dulneſs* truly is his Fate:
Yet fancies he *Iambicks* writes,
But with no Poignancy indites;
And in Reality his Satire,
If you obſerve it, is good Nature.
Ev'ry Tranſition's ſtiff, uneaſy,
The Fruit of thoughtleſs Brains, or lazy.
Learning no Buſ'neſs has at ——,
I hope you'll take his *Honour* for't.
His ſoft, but inharmonious Voice,
May make ſome fooliſh Girls rejoice;
When in ſome pleaſant, ſhady Grove
He chaunts forth pretty Tales of Love;
Or he may ſing ſometimes, perhaps,
The ——, who has had moſt C——ps;
What Maidens do each Morn repair,
Not for the Sake of wholſom Air,
Like Footmen, trip it round the *Park*,
Each with Deſign to meet her Spark,
And to the *Cow-houſe* ſlyly went,
Deſirous of a *Supplement*:
Who is rapacious grown, moſt Wealth
Who has amaſs'd by Fraud or Stealth;
What S——e Intrigues are carried on,
By that great Man, the Graſier's Son?
Once more to humour this *Grey-beard*,
Who are the next to be *caſhier'd*:
Whether a —— Expedition,
Or *Tame Fleets* mended our Condition?

How

How much ſuch Things the Nation coſt,
Who were the *Gainers*, and who *loſt*?
Go. Few Courtiers ſuch *Arcana* know,
Nor is it fit they ſhould do ſo;
Let it ſuffice, I gave my Vote,
For Lucre you would turn your Coat:
" To one Point all of us are true,
" Which I ſha'n't now explain. Adieu.

The CUCKOLD.

To the Tune of, *Ye Commons and Peers*, &c.

I.

YE *Wits* of the Town,
And *Fops*, who have *none*,
Give ear to my frolickſome Ditty;
Then liſten awhile,
'Twill make you to ſmile,
'Tis *true*, tho' it may not be *witty*.

II.

To pleaſe your Deſire,
I ſing of a 'Squire,
In *Eſſex* his greateſt Eſtate is:
He wedded a Wife,
The Plague of his Life,
A Cuckold to be now his Fate is.

III.

This covetous Elf,
Did cauſe it himſelf;
The Lady was wealthy and young,
No Woman cou'd be
More virtuous than ſhe,
But he wou'd not bridle his Tongue.

IV.

IV.

Not long was he married,
Before he miſcarried,
Which now he laments with Contrition;
'Twas Int'reſt not Love,
The Motive did prove,
That made him to change his Condition.

V.

The Portion he got,
Which fell to his Lot,
And then he did want to be parted;
That this might, he thought,
By Ill-Uſage be wrought,
But ſhe did not prove ſo kind hearted.

VI.

He made a foul rout,
Threw all Things about,
And like a Dragoon did ſwear;
He daily at Table
Wou'd pout, and wou'd ſquabble,
All which ſhe with Patience did bear.

VII.

At laſt being tired,
And very much fired,
She vow'd ſhe wou'd ſoon ſpoil his Sport:
And as ſhe had ſaid,
She quitted his Bed,
And did to another reſort.

VIII.

No Footman did lack,
For each had a Snack,
Well pleaſed at the Heart too was ſhe;
And cared not a Pin,
Even tho' her foul Sin
By her Huſband diſcover'd ſhou'd be.

IX.

At laſt he receiv'd
The News, and was griev'd,
But quickly pronounced her Doom;
He ſaid that ſpare Diet
Should ſoon make her quiet,
So lock'd her up faſt in a Room.

X.

She ſoon did commence,
But at his Expence,
A Law-ſuit, attended with Charge;
L——d! how he did ſtare!
Curſe, hector, and ſwear,
To ſee that the Bills were ſo large.

XI.

To ſtop all the reſt
He thought it was beſt,
Then to her Propoſals did offer;
Her Freedom to gain,
And ſhake off the Chain,
She quickly accepted his Offer.

XII.

Both, pleas'd in their Mind,
The Articles sign'd,
She caper'd, she hoop'd, and she hollo'd;
So with joyful Heart,
She from him did part,
And a separate Maintenance follow'd.

A HUE and CRY after two *MONSTERS.*

O Yes, O Yes,

STOLEN or Strayed, while the Devil was removing Houſhold Stuff, from *Weſtminſter*, two Animals of *egregious* Qualities, and *unknown* Virtues; the Male is of the true *Engliſh* Breed, and anſwers to the Name of *Whaccum*, and the Female of a foreign Strain, and will run to you if called *Madamoiſelle.*

Whaccum is about five Feet and ſeven Inches in height, when he ſtands erect, but alas! you may wait till Doom's-day before you can ſee him in ſuch a Poſture; when he walks, he pores upon the Ground, like a *Miſer*, but this fixes his Eyes on the Earth in hopes of finding ſomething that is valuable, and the other has contracted the Habit by Cuſtom. One would imagine by his contemplative Countenance that he had the Management of all the weighty Affairs of *Europe*, and tho' he fancies himſelf to be an able Stateſman, yet he is a —— in Politicks. Let it hail, rain, or ſhine (as the Vulgar call it) he carries his Hat under his Left Arm, and two Reaſons are aſſign'd for it; Firſt, becauſe it is ſo greaſy he is aſhamed to expoſe it, and this is the only Proof of a conſcious Shame that he ever gave the World: I ſhould be induced to adhere to this Reaſon, if I had not ſeen him with a new Hat on a *Chriſtmas* Day (for his Wife allows him but one in twelve Months) in value

Seven

Seven ſhillings and ſix-pence, which occupied the ſame Place with the old one. 'Tis ſaid that the Author of the Comedy, called *The M—— M—— a Concomb*, ſtole the Hint from *Whaccum*, and put his Words into Sir *Fopling Flutter*'s Mouth; for when the Haberdaſher brought him a new Hat, and ask'd whether it fitted him, he put it under his Arm, and viewing it behind and before, by the help of a Lookingglaſs, he anſwered, that it fitted him very well. The Second, and moſt probable Reaſon why he does not wear his Hat upon his Head, is, leſt it might make his *Pericranium* too hot, and ſo addle his Brains: his Right Hand is continually in his Pocket, counting his Money, leſt he might exceed his daily Allowance, which is Half-a-Crown; and with his Left Hand he holds up his Breeches, with as much Caution as if they were likely to fall down to his Ancles with the Weight of his yearly Wages. He has a matchleſs Front, talks much, and little to the purpoſe.

As for *Madamoiſele*, if good Œconomy conſiſts in Nigardlineſs, ſhe is certainly one of the beſt Œconomiſts in the World; but ſure there is a wide Difference between *Frugality* and *Stingyneſs*; to be *frugal* merits Commendation, but to be *ſtingy* is a manifeſt Proof of a miſerly and covetous Diſpoſition. All of us are born with Original Sin, from which we are cleans'd by Baptiſm, yet ſhe retains her original Pride, from which ſhe can not be purged by all the Water in the River of *Jordan*. Her Fingers are flippant, and her Hands move with as much Agility as the Feet of a Dancing-Maſter, or the Arm of a *French* Boddice-Maker: This, poor *Whaccum* (who having but a ſmall Pittance for his Subſiſtance, tho' he married her for the Sake of her Money) has often experienced; and under his Eyes is as often ſeen a ſufficient Teſtimony of her *Handy-Work*. This *paſſive* Soul is as ſubmiſſive to her as

a

a Slave to the King of *Morocco*, and cannot call his Life his own, but when he is at a Diſtance from her. She is the *Fac totum* of the Family, and tyrannizes over them as *Dionyſius* did over the *Syracuſians*; ſhe is her own Treaſurer, and *Whatcum* is oblig'd to bring into her *Exchequer* all the Wages and Perquiſites which he receives: She feeds him as ſome People do Swine —— for her own Uſe, and works him hard by Day, and by Night. She has the Vanity to believe all the groſs Flatteries wherewith ſhe is loaded, and, like Tyrants, is generally pleaſed with them, becauſe they think greater Things of *themſelves* than they can hear from others. Her *Reputation* is *unſpotted* —— ſince ſhe broke off with —— and handſome —— has left her, and where ſhe is not *well known*. She fancies that ſhe has the fineſt *Eyes*, the beſt *Preſence*, the prettieſt *Ways*, the evenneſt *Teeth*, the moſt charming *Tip of an Ear*, and the, the, the beſt in Chriſtendom.

Whoever brings theſe two Creatures to *St. James's* Square ſhall be well rewarded.

N.B. Whatcum was ſeen ſtroling about in the Country ſome time before *Chriſtmas* laſt paſt,

The

The SECRET HISTORY *of* MONTIZEUTA.

IN the Metropolitan of CHINA, near the Palace of the *Great Mogul*, lived a Lord, who was the Emperor's chief General, who fought all his Battles, which were crowned with Succeſs, and rendered compleat by as many Victories. He had four Daughters, and having diſpoſed of the three eldeſt in Marriage to three Noblemen of the Court, as ſoon as the youngeſt was ripe enough for Wedlock, he made a Match between this young Lady, and the only Son of another Nobleman, who was exceeding Wealthy. She was a beautiful Creature, tall in Stature, well-ſhaped, had a fine Cheſt, and a delicate Neck and Skin, but naturally inclined to the Pleaſures of Love, in which ſhe revelled as often as ſhe could get an Opportunity. The Wedding was Performed according to the Ceremonies of the Country, and a Conſummation enſued the ſame Night.

Tho' the young Nobleman was of a hale Conſtitution, and had Youth and Vigour on his Side; tho' he did not follow the Cuſtom of the Country, but was content with the En-

joyment of his lovely *Montizeuta*, yet they had not been married 12 Months before ſhe gave a Looſe to her Deſires, and allowed another to take Poſſeſſion of *That*, to which no Man in common Juſtice had a Right but her Husband

She purſued this Courſe of Life for ſome Time, but was at laſt detected by one of her Siſters, who reprimanded her very ſeverely, and laid before her the ill Conſequences with which ſuch vile Actions would certainly be attended; but alas! her Words had as little Effect upon her Siſter, as if ſhe had been talking to the Wind. When People begin to ſin, they act with Caution and Circumſpection, but when it becomes habitual to them, they caſt off the Regard they ought to have for their Reputation; and as Perſons in their Liquor do not perceive how ridiculous they render themſelves to ſober Company, ſo this Lady, having been intoxicated with Lewdneſs, did not revolve in her Mind the Cenſure and Reflections which the World had caſt upon her bad Conduct. 'Tis true, indeed, ſhe did not proſtitute herſelf to every one who ſued to participate of her *Favours*, but ſhe was an eaſy Conqueſt to thoſe ſhe fancied, and would ſometimes of her own accord, make a Signal to ſome of her Deſire, when they did not make regular Approaches.

The News of her Male-behaviour reaching the Ears of her good Lord, he, who was the Reverſe of moſt Men, laid before her, in the moſt

moſt tender and compaſſionate Manner, the Diſhonour which ſhe brought not only upon him, but alſo upon herſelf and her Family; he expoſtulated with her in the mildeſt and moſt moving Terms, and promiſed not to mention her paſt Errors for the future, if ſhe would be reclaimed, and give ſome Proof of her Amendment of Life. She thanked him for his kind Admonition and Forgiveneſs, and gave him her Word and Honour that ſhe would regulate her Conduct for the time to come. This Declaration pleaſed her Husband, and drew Tears of Joy from his Eyes.

About this time *Montizeuta*'s Father-in-law died, and his Son was advanced to the higheſt Rank of Nobility by his Death, (the Princes of the Blood Royal excepted) and inherited his Father's Eſtate, which was very large. It has been often obſerved, and the Obſervation has too often been verifed, that Women are as variable as the Wind; whether the Lady imagined that ſhe might take a Liberty extraordinary by Virtue of her new Dignity, or whether it proceeded from her being naturally unſtable, is uncertain; but upon the Acquiſition of her *Honour Novelle*, ſhe returned to her former Courſe of Life, but did not aſſociate herſelf with ſo many Lovers as ſhe had done formerly.

She fell in love with one of the Emperor's Scribes, who was a comely and perſonable Man, tall, had a good Shape, and a large Share of Wit, good Senſe, and ſound Judg-

ment; his Extraction was mean, for tho' his Father was wealthy, yet he was originally no better than a Servant to a Gentleman of great Birth; however ſhe over-looked ſuch a Trifle, it was the Man, and not his Birth, which ſhe regarded; but it unfortunately happened that as they had retired into one of the Chambers of the Palace, not fit to be repeated, one of the Court Lords opened the Door, but not with any Deſign againſt them, for he did not know that any-body was in the Chamber, and to his great Surprize ſaw her with her Hand in the Scribe's Breeches, and his under her Petticoats. The Lord withdrew immediatly, and locked the Door, without uttering one Syllable, and as he did not take any Notice to them afterwards of ſuch an indecent Poſture, or reprove them for their Careleſſneſs, ſo it was not either of their Buſineſs to make any Apology to him for their indiſcreet Behaviour, whom they knew to be a Man of ſtrict Honour. Before they parted they made an Aſſignation to meet at a Village not half a Day's Journey from the Palace, giving each other Notice in what Dreſs they would appear.

At this time there was a Gentleman, who had often ſolicited *Montizeuta* to admit him into her good Graces, and in all Probability he might have ſucceeded, for ſhe had no Averſion to his Perſon, had ſhe not been wholly wrapt up in her new Lover, the Scribe, whom I conceal under the fictitious Name of

Crackezeuma.

Crackezeuma. The Gentleman meeting with a flat Denial, had recourſe to the Lady's Gentlewoman, and upon his putting a Purſe with 20 Chequins into her Hand, ſhe promiſed to do all that lay in her Power to prevail with her Lady; and as a Proof of her Sincerity, ſhe told him the Place, and directed him to the Houſe where her Miſtreſs was too meet her Favourite *Crackezeuma* the next Day.

In the Morning he haſtened thither, and found *Montizeuma* in the Garden, dreſſed in a Habit much reſembling one of our Milkmaids; her Gentlewoman gave him the Signal, whereupon he approach'd the Lady, and entered into Diſcourſe with her, but did not pretend to know who ſhe was. He made fierce Love to her, which ſhe ſeem'd not to reliſh; and afterwards offer'd her a Purſe with an hundred *Chequins* for her Maidenhead. At the lower End of the Walk was an Arbour, into which the Lady retired, pretending to be tired; he followed her, her Gentlewoman went another Way, imagining what Work was going forward. The Gentleman made a ſecond Offer of his Purſe, and ſhe dreading a Diſcovery if *Crackezeuma* ſhould arrive, accepted the *Chequins*, but told him his Expectation would be baulked, for ſhe was not a Maid. He anſwered, that he ſhould be the proper Judge of ſuch an Affair, and upon his nearer Approach ſhe yielded to him.

Having

Having obtain'd his Desire he burst into Laughter; well, said he, I have not only accomplish'd what I have a long time endeavour'd to obtain, but I have seen the naked Limbs, and alluring Temptation of my adorable *Montizeuta*. When she heard her Name mention'd, she arose from her Seat, and said, am I then discover'd notwithstanding my Disguise? Then cast off her Veil, and returning his Purse with an insolent Air, you may now publish my Shame to the World, but I value it not. No, Madam, reply'd the Gentleman, your Honour is safe in my Hands, and I would run this Poyniard into my Heart if I were certain that it harbour'd a Thought so unbecoming a Gentleman. This pacified the Lady, who desired him to withdraw, for she expected every Moment *Crackezeuma*. He saluted, and obey'd her Commands. Having waited a while longer, and her Lover not coming, she began to grow uneasy, but presently a Messenger arriv'd with a Letter directed for her Gentlewoman, in which was another for her. She found by the Contents that the Emperor had taken up his *Scribe*'s Time in writing Letters of great Importance; but that he would not fail being at his own House in the Evening. Upon this News she quitted the Place, and returning back, shifted her Apparel, and went to meet her beloved *Crackezeuma*.

They pursued their Amours till her Lover was seiz'd with a Distemper natural to the Country,

Country, and differ very little from the *Small-Pox*. She viſited him daily, and ſtaid with him ſeveral Hours, and would have ſat up with him ſeveral Nights, but he abſolutely refuſed it. As he ſeem'd one Morning to be in a fair way of Recovery, he order'd his Gentleman to raiſe up his Head; this was done, but complaining preſently that ſomething ſeem'd to choak him, he had ſcarce ſpoke the Words, when his Countenance chang'd, and with a deep Sigh expired in his Servant's Arms.

This unwelcome News was immediately convey'd to *Montizeuta*, who was preparing to go and viſit her Lover, but when ſhe heard the diſmal Tidings, ſhe gave the Meſſenger a Box on the Ear, and, like a diſtracted Woman, haſten'd to *Crackezeuma*'s Houſe, and going into the Apartment where he died, threw herſelf upon his Body, kiſſed him, and bedewed his Corps with her Tears, and would not quit it, tho' in ſuch a loathſom Condition, till ſhe was taken away by force.

As ſoon as ſhe came home, ſhe retired to her Chamber, bewailing and lamenting the unhappy Fate of her Lover, as well as her own; and cloathing herſelf in ſuch a Garment as the Women of that Country uſe, remain'd very diſconſolate. Her Lord, who had been in the Country, came home, and not ſeeing his Lady, enquir'd where ſhe was; one anſwer'd, in her Chamber; upon this, imagining that ſhe was indiſpoſed, he went thither,

thither, but how great was his Surprize, when he ſaw her in the moſt mournful Poſture, and in a Widow's Habit. When he had diſcover'd the Cauſe, he would have perſwaded her to quit her Apartment, change her Apparel, and not expoſe herſelf to all the City; but ſhe was reſolute, and would not do either till after the Expiration of one Month from the Death of *Crackezeuma*. 'Tis ſaid ſhe had various Intrigues afterwards, but when ſhe advanced in Age, and began to grow old, ſhe reform'd her Life.

An

An OFFICER *and no* SOLDIER.

ON that, ſo famous, Spot of Ground,
Where Beaux and Belles are daily found,
Where a young, peerleſs, *Chitty-Face*
Wrote an Epiſtle with Diſgrace,
A —— of great might and Power,
Each Winter ſpends each tedious Hour;
This —— with a Royal Hand,
Gave to a noble —— Command
Of an old Regiment, but ſoon
(Such was his Will) revok'd the Boon:
This unexpected, ſudden Change
Was deem'd by many ſomewhat ſtrange.
Such a Viciſſitude created
Diſputes, which warmly were debated;
Some talk'd on one ſide, ſome on t'other,
At length aroſe a mighty Pother:
They ſpoke by Turns, and *Pro* and *Con*
Were very briskly carried on.
But to cut ſhort this doughty Matter,
Quoth one, with keen and poinant Satire,
The K—— has loſt, whom all hold dear,
An OFFICER, but not a SOLDIER.
Nay more, the Damage (thro' Default)
Which to the Regiment was brought
By *Computation* has been found
To be in all five hundred Pound.
At this Narration ſome look'd blue,
And thought a Duel wou'd enſue;
But having thought upon it better,
One D——- to t'other ſent a Letter,
And therein was a Bill inclos'd
For the Sum total, as ſuppos'd.

A KNIGHT *and no* GENTLEMAN.

A Rogue a Boy, a Rogue a Man,
And thus Life ends as it began,
Is a Remark that I have heard
By good old Women much rever'd;
But that's a Rule, ſay other Folk,
Tho' oft' obſerv'd, is often broke;
A Youth unlucky, wild and vain,
When he to Manhood doth attain,
Oft' keeps no longer evil Nature,
But changes to another Creature.
Examples here we could produce,
On either Side for publick Uſe;
But ſhall confine ourſelves to th' firſt,
And out of many give the worſt.
Faggius, a *Suſſex* B——
Near *S*——*g* has an antient Seat,
Where Ages paſs'd his Anceſtors,
Good, brave, and wiſe have held their Courſe,
Their Neighbours lov'd, their Country ſerv'd,
Nor from the Paths of Honour ſwerv'd.
Thus they their Dignity maintain'd,
With mean, unworthy Deeds unſtain'd;
Till *B--b*, the preſent worthleſs Heir,
In evil Hour did appear.
His Tricks of Youth did ſure prognoſtick,
That he in Time would be a croſs ſtick;

His

His odd ill-season'd Disposition,
The very worst the Sun e'er rise on.
He shew'd his Genius first at Plackit,
Which having early got a Nack at,
He never left the pretty Sport,
But still improv'd his am'rous Court,
Till he became exceeding apt,
And reckon'd a compleat adept.
From sharping of his Comrade Boys
Out of their Marbles, and their Toys,
To bite and cheat he learnt the Trade,
And mighty Progress in it made,
Till perfect in the Art he grew,
As to their Cost his Tradesmen knew;
Who with united Voice proclaim
His base, dishoneſt, worthless Name,
Their just Demands, how long delay'd,
Their honest Bills how long unpaid,
The *S*---g Men can all declare,
Who oft' such gen'rous Bounties share,
Of this dishonourable K---
Who takes no Wrong, does no Right,
Till Law compels him to Submission,
And runs him up to Execution;
Then Goods and Chattels, Sheep and Cows,
Whate'er's within or 'thout the House,
Are carried off; and so he let
The People pay themselves their Debt.
Oft' has he strove to represent
His Country in a Parliament;
At *S*---*g* is his chief Dependance,
Where live great Numbers of his Tenants;

Scarce

Scarce three of whom, or I'll be ſhot,
To ſave his Life would give a Groat.
At *S——m* once he did endeavour
To gain that antient Borough's Favour;
But ſcorn'd to bribe them with his Pence,
So from his Warren Conies ſends;
Rabbits by Dozens, and by Scores
In Heaps came tumbling in a Doors;
The Taps were ſet a running too,
And ev'ry Alehouſe had its Cue,
To draw free-coſt for ſuch and ſuch,
For good Sir *R*---- did not grudge,
Nor think his Friends could have too much.
But notwithſtanding all his Pains,
And all his Coſt of Tongue and Brains,
His Schemes were loſt, his Project foil'd,
And he the Diſappointment wail'd.
But to revenge Affront ſo groſs,
Reſolv'd to leſſen much his Loſs,
So left the Town, his Score unpaid,
And at his parting only ſaid,
That he was counſell'd by a Lawyer,
That they that drink muſt pay the Drawer.
He is indeed a wicked Mortal
As ever breath'd, ſo do report all;
Yet often he is puniſh'd for't,
Which half deſtroys his guilty Sport.
When this ungracious Debauchee,
By Wiles, and never-failing Fee,
Had won on poor *Spoonella*'s Heart,
From her fair Virtue to depart;
When for his own he'd took the Lais,
And lodg'd her ſafe in *A—P—e*,

He

He gave her Servants to wait on her,
And pay her all a Lady's Honour;
'Twas then (and ſurely then 'twas Time)
His Wife appriſed of his Crime,
Herſelf neglected Bed and Board,
Allowance ſtopt, herſelf beſtir'd;
And by Advice takes out a Summons,
And lugs him into Doctors Commons.
The Knight is caught, and hamper'd ſadly,
Which made him look moſt ſtrange and madly;
No leſs than Excommunication
Is the Reward of Fornication;
Which to avoid his Money flies,
And ſcarce with that his Peace he buys.
The late Miſchance that him befell,
To all the World is known ſo well,
We ſhall but hint a Word or two,
And then ſhall bid the Knight adieu.
Not far from *Rygate*, Story tells,
An honeſt Countryman there dwells,
Who hedg'd, or ditch'd, or drove the Plow,
And liv'd by the Sweat of's Brow.
His Comfort was a Daughter fair,
To him beyond all Riches dear.
The Knight ſoon found the Damſel, and
Quickly ſet Plow into her Land;
He ſaw his Seed with willing Mind,
The Soil is fruitful, warm and kind;
A hopeful Crop matures apace;
But where to houſe it, there's the Caſe.
What Place ſo fit as where he harbours
His own ſweet Carcaſs, at a B---

There

There we ſhall leave him for the preſent,
No doubt in Mood moſt wondrous pleaſant,
To ſee his Labours thrive ſo faſt,
And that his Seed's not ſown in waſte.
O gracious Heav'n pleaſe to grant,
Such Bleſſings he may never want.
When feeble Age ſhall creep along,
When all his Nerves ſhall be unſtrung;
When he of Vigour is bereft,
And fruitleſs Wiſhes only left;
When thus reduc'd, O may he ſee
Others in full Felicity,
Himſelf unable to enjoy,
Tho' longing for the am'rous Toy;
Then may he have one only Senſe,
And that's to feel his Impotence.

VERSES

VERSES *humbly inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable the Earl of* Scarborough, *upon his reſigning his Poſt of Maſter of the Horſe to his Majeſty.*

TO you, my Lord, theſe Lines I humbly ſend,
To you the Muſe's, and the Poet's Friend;
Kindly accept my well-intended Lays,
Tho' rough, yet conſecrated to your Praiſe.
Juſt in your Principles, in Heart ſincere,
The future Ages ſhall your Name revere;
Delight to hear, and all your Actions ſcan,
With *Io Pæans* ſing *This is the Man*,
Who no one's Hopes did ever yet trapan.
From you henceforth let other Courtiers learn
To prize their Honour, and its Worth diſcern;
Not by a falſe, deluſive, courtly Smile,
Their indigent Petitioners beguile.
A *Negative* is kind, and ſomewhat civil,
But empty Promiſes are ſure the Devil.
" If I might curſe the Man whom moſt I hate,
" *Dependance* and *Attendance* be his Fate:
Theſe Plagues, by long Experience, *Cowley* knew,
Theſe *Sylla*'s and *Caribdis*' Pictures drew,
That we may ſhun the Dangers which enſue.
Few Courtiers *think*, and fewer can appraiſe,
Th' intrinſick Worth of *Time*, ſo ſpend whole Days
In *Chit-chat*, or ſome other *trifling* Ways:

Rejoice

Rejoice when Numbers to Deſtruction run,
And pleas'd to ſee whole Families undone.
Courtiers, who promiſe what they don't deſign,
Have hallow Hearts, and dangerous as a Mine,
Their Words are Poiſon, tho' ſo fair they ſhine.
Thus he, whoſe great Misfortune's to attend
The Levee of ſome falſe, cajoling Friend,
Sees himſelf chous'd of what he holds moſt dear,
At laſt is diſtanc'd when in full Career,
Mourns his great Loſs, and does an Aſs appear.
Such Courtiers ſure a double Pleaſure take,
Firſt to entice, and afterwards forſake.
So by Deluſion *Satan* does begin,
Firſt to allure, then plunge Mankind in Sin;
His Point obtain'd, he leaves 'em to themſelves,
Laughs at the eaſy, credulous, poor Elves;
Then ſhifts the Scene, and ſtrait their does appear
The Images of Horror and Deſpair.
At laſt they ſee their miſerable State,
And curſe the fatal Hour, but curſe too late.
But you, my Lord, who do adorn the Court,
Scorn to make Men's Calamities your Sport,
Their *Time* you prize, reward *the Man of Parts*,
Encourage Merit, and win all our Hearts.
Duty and Loyalty with Luſtre ſhine,
And both to make you truly great combine;
Your Right aſſert, your Privilege maintain,
By Loſs of Profit greater Honour gain,
Reſign your Poſt, and yet you can't complain.
Let your Example other Courtiers lead,
Few glitt'ring Promiſes will then be made;
Attendance then a *Pleaſure* ſhall be found,
And our *Dependance* with *Succeſs* abound.

THE

A Dialogue between two Jews, concerning the Bill depending in Parliament for preventing the Practice of Stockjobbing.

Morecraft.

BRother *Bitum*, where have you been to put yourſelf in ſuch a heat? You puff and blow like a broken-winded horſe. What is it has put you into ſuch a ſweat and confuſion?

Bitum. Ah! brother *Morecraft*, if you knew ſo much as I do, you would be in a ſweat too. What with talking and crouding, thronging and ſqueezing, indeed I have almoſt loſt my breath.

M. What! I ſuppoſe you have got a piece of ſome extraordinary news from t'other end of the town, that has put the Stocks in motion. Has *England* declared war againſt *France*? Have the *Spaniards* ſurpriz'd *Gibraltar*? Have the *Dutch* broke thro' their late act of neutrality, and declar'd for the Emperor? Or is the Parliament a going to diſſolve any of our great companies? Something I am ſure relating to the Stocks puts

you in this violent hurry. Why, you look as if you were frighten'd out of your ſeven ſenſes.

B. Frighten'd! Ay, ſo I am; and reaſon enough I have. And ſo will you too, when you know all. Stocks, ſaid you? No, no more ſtocks now, unleſs your old ſtanding ſtock of impudence, lying, and knavery. If you mean them I can aſſure you we never had a greater occaſion for 'em, ſince the ſiege of *Jeruſalem*, than at this preſent time; and tho', perhaps, we have as good a ſtock of this kind as moſt people, yet I am afraid all won't do, unleſs we can muſter up a ſtock of honeſty too; but that you know is ſo ſcarce among us, that our whole generation will hardly afford enough to furniſh one man; except we can counterfeit well; there lies all our hope.

M. You talk ſtrangely, brother *Bitum*. What! is the world a going to be reformed all at once? Or are the good people of *Change-Alley* about to turn ſaints? Or is *Jonathan*'s to be converted into a Meeting-houſe?

B. Why truly, brother, you are not much beſide the mark, eſpecially if the things which are now talk'd of with great aſſurance are carried into execution. We are likely to have but two chances left us; either to be honeſt, againſt our conſciences, and ſtarve, or be knaves and be hang'd.

M.

M. Indeed, that's a hard caſe, a moſt difficult choice, I muſt needs ſay. But come, explain yourſelf; what is it drives you to theſe mighty ſtreights?

B. The Bill, Man, the Bill! Advice is juſt now arrived in the Alley, from *Weſtminſter*, that the Bill to prevent the infamous practice of Stockjobbing, will certainly paſs. Now, judge you what will become of us. What will become of our poor brethren who got a tolerable livelihood by ſelling fictitious ſtock? How many thouſand pounds worth of ſtock have they ſold, to be delivered at a day certain, without a ſhilling in their pocket to pay the difference, much leſs to transfer the principal? But now no Broker muſt ſell any quantity of ſtock, little or great, but ſhall ſwear, or otherwiſe make it appear, he has eſtate of his own ſufficient to make good the ſtock he ſo ſells. Now, is not this a terrible misfortune to us? No more Bulls and Bears, no more Puts, but all our dealings muſt be down right villainous fair trading. And which of us all ever did or can live by that?

M. Why truly, brother, this is a moſt melancholly ſtory. But have you thought of no methods to prevent this ſtorm falling upon us? Suppoſe we ſhould draw up a petition, and ſet forth the deplorable condition we ſhall inevitably be reduc'd to. I don't in the leaſt queſtion but we ſhall meet with ſome friends and advocates among ſome great folks, who

owe

owe a great part of their fortunes to their dealings among us.

B. But pray who are theſe great folks you talk of, but great Rogues? And don't we daily ſee the legiſlature pulling to pieces theſe overgrown knaves? Are they not forc'd to diſgorge all their ill-gotten gains? Witneſs the S. S. Directors in 1720. witneſs the late Managers of the C. C. and will they, think you, pay any regard to ſuch interceſſion? will they have more compaſſion for us, a parcel of wandering Jews, who ſtrole about the world, and live upon the neceſſities, or the follies of mankind, like Crows upon carrion? No, no, I have no ſuch hopes.

M. Hold a little, brother, your paſſion won't ſuffer you to conſult your reaſon. You know there are many wealthy chriſtians who hold large ſhares in the funds, and are our particular friends; let us try to bring them into our meaſures. If we can but perſuade ſome of the leaders that publick credit is in danger, who knows but we may be able to do our buſineſs: Great things have been done lately, by taking prudent meaſures; and why may not we meet with the ſame ſucceſs if we act wiſely and cautiouſly?

B. All the wiſdom and caution in the world, I fear, will do us but little ſervice. The buſineſs of Change-alley is known partly to be little better than a bite, a cheat, and a bubble, which we have continued ſo long, and let ſo many into the ſecret, that the reſt

of

of the world begin to grow as ſharp ſighted as we reckon ourſelves, and will no longer be cheated and impoſed upon. You may draw fine ſchemes, and propoſe great matters from them, but if you gain any one point by any contrivance you can invent, I'll give you leave to uncircumciſe me.

M. How do'ſt know brother? we are not all ſuch a pack of rogues as you are pleaſed to repreſent us; you ought not to judge every man by yourſelf; I know ſeveral of our people whom I really believe to be men of honour and probity, who would not be guilty, upon any terms, of ſuch little ſcandalous tricks as you think fit to ſuggeſt; nor can I imagine that the world has that univerſal bad opinion of us as you ſeem to fancy. But ſuppoſe the worſt that may happen, and an effectual ſtop be put to all fraudulent trade in the Alley, can we in reaſon complain, when we ſee all the other Brokers, who are natives of the country, put on a level with us? Let us conſider the many bleſſings and privileges which our nation enjoys here more than in any other kingdom upon earth. Have we not the free exerciſe of our Religion without being fined and ſqueez'd by a pack of domineering tyrannical prieſts? Is there any Inquiſition here to burn, torture, hack, and hew us to pieces? Don't we enjoy every thing our hearts can wiſh under the mildeſt government? And muſt we be angry, tumultuous, and outragious becauſe the adminiſtra-

tion

tion thinks fit to make a new law, which they judge is necessary for the better order and regulation of society. Come, come, brother, be pacify'd; as we are kindly used, let us not be guilty of ingratitude; we should put up with some inconveniencies, rather than disturb the government which is such a friend to us.

B. You talk mighty well, brother; so well, that I could almost fancy you was turning Christian yourself; for which reason I shall hold no more correspondence with you, but will go and consult some of the rest of our brethren, men of other principles, and perhaps better vers'd in these affairs than you are; and if I find no hopes or encouragement, I'll embark directly for *Holland*, there I am sure are no such regulations as you speak of, but bite as you bite can. So, Sir, goodbye t'ye.

M. Farewel honesty.

A

XI.

B A L L A D.

I.

WHY am I the only Creature,
  Muſt a ruin'd Love purſue;
Other Paſſions yield to Nature,
  Mine there's nothing can ſubdue;
Not the Glory of Poſſeſſing,
  Monarchs Wiſhes gave me eaſe,
More and more the mighty Bleſſings
  Did my raging Pains encreaſe.

II.

Nor could Jealouſy relieve me,
  Tho' it ever waited near;
Cloath'd in gaudy Pow'r to grieve me,
  Still the Monſter would appear:
That, nor Time, nor Abſence neither,
  Nor Deſpair removes my Pain;
I endure them all together,
  Yet my Torments ſtill remain.

III.

Had alone her matchleſs Beauty,
  Set my amorous Heart on fire,
Age at laſt would do its Duty,
  Fuel ceaſing, Flames expire.

But

But her Mind immortal grows,
Makes my Love immortal too;
Nature ne'er created Faces,
Can the Charms of Souls undoe.

IV.

And to make my Loss the greater,
She laments it as her own;
Could she scorn me, I might hate her,
But alas! she shews me none:
Then since Fortune is my ruin,
In Retirement I'll complain;
And in Rage for my undoing,
Ne'er come in its Power again.

THE

Fair JEWESS Triumphant;

OR

Jacob's FOLLY in Attempting to Wreſtle with an *Angel.*

HOW frail is Man! our Efforts all how vain,
When againſt Heav'n we ſtrive, 'gainſt Heav'n complain!
Vengeance is certain, tho' it moves but ſlow,
Juſtice, tho' blind, will ſtrike the fatal Blow,
And herſelf Guardian of the guiltleſs ſhow.
Fruitleſs are all the Subtleties of Law,
Truth will diſcover the minuteſt Flaw;
The various Quirks, Tricks, Quiddities diſplay,
And, like the Sun, appear ſerene and gay.
When Sophiſters the Face of Truth do maſk,
To take it off is the Logician's Task.
Who from falſe Premiſes Concluſions draws,
Betrays his Ignorance of Logick's Laws.
What I aſſert ſo obvious is, and plain,
To prove by Inſtances what I maintain,
Perhaps, to ſome may needleſs ſeem, and vain.
But to remove Objections, I ſhall quote
One modern Precedent of modern Note;
Like *Axioms*, my Poſitions will appear
Self-evident, irrefregably clear.

When other Methods uneffectual prov'd,
And *Jacob* miſs'd the *Thing* he greatly lov'd,
(What that Thing was, it matters not to ſay,
So we now mention it but by the Way,)
To Arts and Stratagems he had recourſe,
Labour'd inceſſantly without Remorſe,
'Till Diſappointment baffled all his Force:
Fortune had ſmil'd, but Fortune ſoon turn'd Tail,
And all his Projects nothing did avail.
To a yound Maiden *Jeweſs*, as 'tis ſaid,
He his Addreſſes for ſome Time had paid;
But tho' with Diligence he made his Court,
A flat Denial quickly ſpoil'd his Sport;
She to another legally was ty'd,
With heavy Heart he ſees her now a Bride,
And blames his Fate, which did his Hopes deride.
To make him ſtill the Bubble of the Age,
Fortune again does bring him on the Stage,
For Death the Husband friendly ſwept away,
And *Jacob* then appear'd pert, brisk and gay:
His Courtſhip he renews, by various Ways
To gain the wealthy Widow he eſſays.
Blaſted again his blooming hopes he ſees,
And curſes, in his Wrath, the fatal Breeze.
Money, indeed, is a bewitching Thing,
And how pernicious is the latent Sting!
Tho' great, the Danger few take Pains to ſhun,
But headlong to their own Deſtruction run,
As if by ſome Fatality they're driven
To chuſe a Hell, and to refuſe a Heav'n.
Thus *Jacob* reſolutely bent to gain,
What he by fair Means never cou'd obtain,
Once more to Artifice his Head applies,
And his new-budding Hopes to crown he tries,
Devices forms to get the *Golden Prize.*
His Picture ſet in Gold with wond'rous Art
He thought might mollify the Widow's Heart;

With

With Diamonds ſet, a Snuff-box next he ſends,
Wiſhing that That may anſwer well his Ends:
The third Eſſay, that hapleſs *Jacob* made,
Was, but in vain, a Piece of rich Brocade:
For the young Widow, prudent as ſhe's fair,
Refus'd 'em all, and with ſagacious Care
(Survey'd 'tis true, but) ſhun'd each dangerous Snare.
Had ſhe receiv'd them, he from thence would draw
A Marraige-Contract by the *Jewiſh* Law.
Stript of his Hopes, what can poor *Jacob* do?
He forms another Stratagem that's new;
And for the Marriage-Contract next does ſue.
A Libel he exhibits, and ſets forth,
(But oh! that Libel was of little Worth,)
That the *fair Jeweſs* promis'd ſhe would marry,
If he the Space of twelve long Months cou'd tarry;
Twelve tedious Months for mourning was her Lot,
By antient Cuſtom, ne'er to be forgot.
One ſingle Witneſs did atteſt the ſame,
A Witneſs, as 'tis ſaid, of little Fame.
The Plaintiff's Doctors labour'd long the Point,
But all their Arguments were out of Joint;
The Judge declar'd the Contract void and null,
Which made young *Jacob* penſive look, and dull.
At Common-Law his Action next he brings,
Like looſing Cards, his Gold about he flings;
Complains the Sentence was unjuſt, and prays
From thence to be reliev'd by legal Ways.
His Lordſhip ſaid the Action cou'd not lie,
And with much Judgment gave his Reaſons why:
Jacob non-ſuited was, the Cauſe he loſt,
And tho' he's vex'd, is ſaddled with the Coſt.
Thus he in Wreſtling got a ſecond Fall,
The *Angel* triumphs, and he pays for All.

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